# THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

## GOD IS ENOUGH.

God is enough! Thou, who in hope and fear
Toilest through desert-sands of life, sore tried,
Climb trustful over death's black ridge, for near
The bright wells shine: thou wilt be satisfied.

God doth suffice! O thou, the patient one,
Who puttest faith in Him, and none beside,
Bear yet thy load; under the setting sun
The glad tents gleam: thou wilt be satisfied.

—Edwin Arnold.

# THE PACIFIC

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**2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.**


## PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

The average income from all sources at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition has amounted to $10,000 a day.

Pacific University at Forest Grove, Oregon, has inaugurated a campaign for the raising of an additional fund of $300,000 for new buildings and endowment. Toward this it is understood there will be a contribution from Dr. Pearsons of Chicago, who has already given to the University, and who regards his money well placed there. The president of the board of trustees of Pacific is Mr. Harvey W. Scott, the owner of the Oregonian, for many years one of the most influential newspapers on the coast; and by the way much cleaner than the average daily paper. Mr. Scott was one of the first graduates of the university.

More wheat was shipped from Portland during the year 1908 than from all the Puget Sound cities combined. Foreign and coast-wise the Portland shipments were 16,483,655 bushels; the Puget Sound shipments were 14,190,254. Between January 1st and June 30 the Portland shipments amounted to 6,350,033 bushels, and the Puget Sound to 4,630,174. Portland is destined to be the great wheat-shipping port on the Pacific coast. Along the banks of the Columbia the heavy haul across the Cascade mountains is avoided. Largely the grain from the great wheat fields of eastern Washington and Oregon and northern Idaho will seek the sea that way.

The New York Sun says that there was sold in New York City recently a copy of the first newspaper printed in California—the Monterey Californian. "It was dated December 19, 1846, was crudely printed, had four pages 8¼x12 inches, and was half in Spanish, half in English." The publication of the Californian was begun on the 15th of August, 1846, at the suggestion of Commodore Stockton. It was issued by Walter Colton and Dr. Robert Semple. An old font of type and a Ramage press that had been used by the Mexican officials at Monterey for their office printing were utilized. The font of type did not contain a w, and so whenever a w was needed two v's were used. The paper that was used was in small sheets, only a little larger than foolscap. The Californian was published at Monterey up to the 6th of May, 1847, when it was moved to San Francisco.

San Francisco is coming rapidly to her own again. On Market street and the adjacent business streets are seen once more from day to day such crowds as thronged them before the great disaster in April, 1906. That to which the stricken city has arrived and is arriving is known and commented on near and far. Recently the Chicago Record-Herald said editorially: "There are many travelers to the Pacific coast this summer, and such of them as visit San Francisco are deeply impressed by the rebuilding of the city. Two years ago, one year after the earthquake and fire, conditions were still chaotic. Great progress had been made in clearing away the ruins, and new structures were arising on every hand, but the number of vacant places was appalling. Now, though there are many traces of the terrible visitation from which the city suffered, they are obscured by a succession of splendid stores, office buildings and hotels. The business district is far more attractive than it used to be in old times. It presents most convincing evidence of the faith of capital in the future of the city. For comparisons we have to turn to New York and Chicago, and it is marvelous that so much has been accomplished in so short a period. The new buildings are both substantial and artistic. Some of them are models that will well repay study. No finer banking, hotel or insurance buildings can be found anywhere. If we were to judge of the population by the extent and elegance of the business district we should say that there was little danger that San Francisco may lose its lead on the coast, and, whether the growth within the city limits is great or small, there must be a great population near by and a great business to justify such expenditures as have been made. No doubt many people were driven away by the disaster that destroyed homes and business, and many suffered irreparable losses, but thousands have been attracted to the place by the opportunities it offers, and the old confidence in its high destiny seems to be completely re-established. We do not pretend, however, to pass upon the population claims of other cities, for we may deal with indisputable facts that are plain to every observer. With very little exaggeration it may be said that San Francisco has been rebuilt in three years. If the entire burnt area is not covered, there is a compact array over a great part of the four square miles. Modern methods of building have contributed largely, of course, to this wonderfully quick recovery. Without them it would have been impossible to hurry the work of construction. But if the city enjoys some advantage in this respect over the Chicago of 1871 it is none the less true that it has done far more than was expected of it outside of its own boundaries ,and has made a most remarkable and praiseworthy record."

## THE CHINESE MISSIONS IN NEW YORK.

Such has been the hostility of the Chinese in New York's Chinatown since the murder of Miss Elsie Siegel that the women missionaries have finally abandoned the work. It is said that the hostility of the Chinese against their women teachers grew out of the persecution suffered by practically all the Chinamen in the city. The burden of the crime fell heavily upon the heads of all and as the activity of the police increased the resentment of the Chinese against the missionaries grew until it began to seem dangerous for the women to continue their visits. Tom Lee, called "the venerable mayor of Chinatown," explains

the attitude of the Chinese in the following manner: "When Elsie Sigel was killed all the Chinamen were blamed and it grew so bad that we did not want the missionaries around any more. So they have gone. We made no threats. We do not threaten women. But we are afraid that some other missionary girl may get killed as did Elsie Siegel. Then, what would happen to Chinatown and our homes and business?"

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### ROMAN CATHOLICS AND THE SALOON.

Elsewhere in this issue of The Pacific, in connection with an article concerning the German-Americans and the saloon, mention is made of the attitude of late of Roman Catholics thereto.

It is worthy of note that the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Illinois adopted at a recent meeting some vigorous resolutions denunciatory of the saloon.

Citing the utterance of the last plenary council at Baltimore to the effect that the liquor traffic is "a dangerous and unbecoming business," and the advice therefrom that those engaged in it get out of it and seek "a more honorable means of livelihood," the Union put itself on record as follows:

"That we condemn the saloon trade for its open and shameless violation of Sunday laws prohibiting the sale of liquor on the Lord's day. We regard the open Sunday, as now observed, as seriously menacing the continuance of our free institutions. We further hold the open saloon on Sunday to be responsible for the weakening of the religious spirit among our citizens, which fact alone, if none other can be advanced against it, should be sufficient to condemn it.

"That in order to early instill into the minds of our children the benefits that accrue to those who voluntarily assume the pledge of total abstinence, we recommend to those in charge of our parochial schools that instruction of a practical character on the evils attendant upon the use of strong drink form part of their school curriculum.

"We again, as last year, recommend the formation of Catholic total abstinence cadets in every parish."

The convention, in harmony with the foregoing, took occasion to denounce "the shameful and degrading practice of those Catholic societies which permit, under their auspices, Saturday night dances and Sunday picnics at which intoxicating liquors are sold."

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### A VACATION VISIT TO A NEIGHBORING CHURCH.

**By Noah C. Gause.**

"My father is an educated man. He was a general in the Grecian army. I am a graduate of a university. I speak many languages. We are intelligent people. We have no religion."

I knew what my handsome, interesting Greek friend was leading up to when he began. I have heard broken English used before in some such conclusions. As I told him the best I could of what I thought was a purer, simpler gospel than that revealed by the church from which his people had broken faith I resolved to attend the church in question and know better whereof I spoke.

So, it being vacation time I set out. It was Sunday morning in San Francisco. In the tranquil atmosphere the round dome of the church attracted attention.

Arriving at my destination I stood before the portal of a Holy Orthodox-Catholic Apostolic church. Enquiring of a boy, who was about to enter, I learned that the service was from ten to twelve o'clock.

Imagine my surprise upon entering to look squarely into the eyes of one of the boys of my own Sunday-school! My surprise was not lessened by observing as the service progressed that he was as adept as any others present in crossing himself at the right time. Investigation since has revealed the fact that his mother is Russian, that he has been confirmed in that church and was just taking advantage of my absence to attend his own church. He is a reverent, promising boy and I shall take special interest in him in the future.

I was a few minutes late and the service had begun. But late arrivals were coming. As they entered each made the "sign of the cross" with the thumb and the first two fingers of the right hand joined at the tips (the third and fourth fingers being closed on the palm), as a symbol of the Trinity. The fingers in this position are then touched to the brow, the breast, and the right and left shoulder, in token of the consecration of mind, heart and strength.

During the service I stood. The entire congregation did. There were only three chairs. Only two attitudes are recognized as befitting their house of worship—standing and kneeling. That may account for the congregation being seven-tenths men. I stood in the midst of men, who were mostly Macedonians, on the left side of the room. The women and children were on the right. They were all well dressed, and some of the women elegantly gowned and aristocratic in appearance. My Sunday-school boy moved farther from me among the men but was later made at ease by a smile and recognition.

I could not see the priest but I could hear him. He was in the sanctuary behind the image-screen. As the chanting of the choir in the left at one end and the priest at the other proceeded I quietly observed the exquisite building. It was built in the shape of a Greek cross, the emblem of salvation, but is more often built in the form of a ship, the ship of salvation. Over me was the dome, symbolizing the head of the church, Jesus Christ. In imagination I looked beyond the interior of the cross surmounting the dome, the emblem of victory. And looking beyond that I felt the over-arching sky of Christ's love.

The interior of the church was divided into three parts. At the farther end back of all else was the sanctuary separated by screen and curtain. The floor of this was prolonged in front forming what would correspond in a Protestant church to the pulpit. Then there was the main body of the church. The sanctuary, unless it is impossible to do so, is built at the eastern end, and like the Holy of Holies of the Hebrew temple, is entered only by the priests. Besides , there was the altar and its rich covering and the seven-branched candelabrum for holding long white tapers kept burning to typify the light of Christ. On either side of the screen that separated the sanctuary were paintings of Christ, the Virgin Mary, the apostles and saints. As these were being observed the chant, more peculiarly beautiful, though in Russian, than any I have ever heard, indicated from time to time occasion for crossing and bowing, bowing and crossing on the part of the reverent worshipers.

At a seeming climax of the sacred music all eyes turned sharply toward the sanctuary. Before it the pulpit had been adjusted. The curtains were drawn to one side, the

portals opened and the gold-robed priest, with eyes cast upward, entered, carrying an open Bible. It is the custom of the priest to imitate the personal appearance of Christ according to their conception of Him. This one, as all are required to do, wore a beard. He looked upward during the entire service. The portal through which the priest came, bearing the Holy Book, is called the Royal Gate, because through it, according to the doctrine of the church, the King of Glory comes forth to feed his people, and because through it the elements of the sacrament are carried and likewise the censer. Frequently during the service the priest made entrances and exits through the Royal Gate, representing the Saviour Himself and symbolizing the progress to and from the places in the world where the Saviour abode. The Royal Gate was frequently opened and closed, and at successive points in the serrvice indicated different things, sometimes the opening of the gates of Paradise. The censer was used profusely and the incense filling the room seemed to diffuse its fragrance with the mellow light of the candles and the cadent chant of the choir.

The sermon was twenty minutes in length delivered in the Russian language. Only the reading of the Scriptures and one prayer, invoking a divine blessing upon the President of the United States, was in English. There is as much difference between this highly wrought liturgical service and the Roman Catholic as there is between the latter and a Congregational service. Thrice the priest knelt touching his forehead to the floor in reverence toward God. The priests marry. And the wife of this one was formerly a pupil in one of our Congregational Sunday-schools. The assistant priest was reared an Episcopalian.

I felt, during the hour and a half I stood pressed in among Greeks, Macedonians, Servians and Russians, as though transferred to another world. The liturgy is a strange admixture of ancient Hebrew ceremony, apostolic Christianity and paganism. The service was beautiful and reverent withal, but incomprehensible to the lay mind, and, in my imagination, I heard the Macedonians calling again to Paul to "come over into Macedonia and help us." The service closed at eleven-thirty. Two weeks before when the church was dedicated the service lasted four hours, from ten until two, and the audience stood throughout. All in all I did not wonder that my Greek friend had lost interest in the established church of his country.

The conclusion of the service was long-drawn out. Holding before him a silver crucifix the priest talked at length. In pronouncing the benediction he held the fingers in such a manner as to represent the first and last Greek letters of Jesus Christ. The final ceremony consisted in the entire congregation going forward one by one, each stooping and reverently kissing the cross. Turning, each took from off the point of a spear, held in the hand of a priest and representing the spear with which the Saviour's side was pierced, a piece of altar-bread. Upon these tiny loaves of bread are stamped prayers for the living and the dead.

This Greco-Russian church holds sway over the souls of a large area of Europe, embracing largely the territory of Servia, Macedonia and Russia.

Walking home with my Sunday-school boy we became faster friends than before, and soon, I think, we shall be chums. And, knowing the past out of which my Greek friend has struggled into denser darkness, I trust I am better equipped to lead him into the light of a simple gospel of salvation.

## THE GERMAN-AMERICAN AND THE SALOON.

Rev. E. D. Kohlstedt.

[One of the most encouraging signs of the times is the attitude which persons supposed to be friendly to the saloon have been taking against it of late. The growing sentiment against it on the part of Roman Catholics is very gratifying, and much is hoped therefrom in the battles of the future. From the German-American element are coming also strong re-enforcements for the anti-saloon ranks. The best presenattion of their changing ideas which we have ever seen comes from the Rev. E. D. Kohlstedt of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in the columns of the North-Western Christian Advocate. We give his article here in part, so that the encouragement which it has brought to many temperance workers already may go out to yet others. Mr. Kohlstedt is a pastor in a thoroughly Germanized city, is of German nationality himself, and a man in every way capable of giving a reliable and valuable presentation of the attitude, past and present, of the German-Americans.—Editor.]

In the work of temperance reform, the attitude of the German-American toward the saloon as a distributing agency for intoxicants, has occasioned much controversy, often characterized by misapprehension and a lack of that sympathetic consideration to which he is entitled. Denied a place in the ranks of our American temperance reformers because of his habit of moderate indulgence, the representative German-American has become the unwilling "scapegoat" of the organized liquor traffic. To practically every proposed forward movement, the brewer and the saloon keeper unhesitatingly retort, "The Germans are against it!" On the other hand, so representative a magazine as "Die National Prosperitaet" of New York City, maintains that "the supposed inimical attitude of the Germans toward reform of the liquor traffic is a calumny on the race. We do not intend that the Germans shall longer be catspaws for the brewers and liquor dealers and those who professionally make legislation an instrument of evil." The pendulum of public opinion has been kept swinging between these two extremes.

### The Point of View.

Total abstinence, coupled with an unalterable determination to utterly destroy the liquor traffic, root and branch, is the ideal of the American temperance advocate. His program involves a surgical operation that will forever rid the body politic of the cancerous growth which, for years, has threatened the very life of the nation. The German temperance advocate's ideal of moderate indulgence, coupled with as sincere hostility toward the American saloon as a distributing center for intoxicants, paradoxical as it may seem to some of us, is perfectly consistent to the mind of our Teuton brother, whose early training and environment have been so radically different from anything to which the American boy is accustomed. The German viewpoint on the whole subject of temperance reform must necessarily be in harmony with his ideal, which determines the angle of his approach.

Several years ago, when it was proposed to enact into federal law the provision requiring scientific temperance instruction in the public schools of the United States, after every other argument had been refuted, the final argument of those opposed to the measure was, "The Germans are against it!" The answer of the German voters of Wisconsin

and other states was a monster petition in favor of the proposed legislation which, thanks to the tireless efforts of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, was enacted into law. Mrs. Edith Smith-Davis well says: "The German father cares for his child. He may want his beer, but he also wants his children taught the truth in the public school."

In a northern Wisconsin town, where an effort was being made to reinstate the saloons, a German farmer was giving expression to some caustic remarks anent the saloon as a public nuisance. A friend of mine overheard the following discussion between the farmer and a townsman:

"Are you opposed to the saloons?" asked he, of the city man.

"Ya! Dey be bad dings, dem saloons," replied the farmer.

"But don't you drink beer yourself?"

"Ya, I trink beer, but saloons be bad dings; I got no use for dem."

"How is that?"

"Vell, you see ven dem saloons be here, de boys und de hired man alvays sitting 'round dem places, trink too much, hear too much bad dings, be oud efery night, come home late, cand git oud in de morning, und ve git noddings done on de farm. Since ve haf no saloons, dey be home by bettime, stad up early in de morning, feel goot, git de vork done. If dey vant beer, I haf him in de cellar, und be 'round mineseluf to see dot dey dond git too much."

He then went down the street, campaigning for no-license.

**Drinking Customs.**

A sympathetic consideration of the German-American temperance advocate's ideal, involves a study of German social customs as related to the use of intoxicants. When we recall the environment which has influenced the life and thought of the German from earliest childhood up to the time of his departure for America, we are reminded of the fact that there is force to the suggestion sometimes made concerning the futility of any attempt to convince the German immigrant of the harmfulness of moderate indulgence; that it were better to direct our efforts toward winning over his children, with a reasonable hope of pledging the third generation to total abstinence.

Among the group of girls and boys whom it was my privilege to receive into Church fellowship on Children's Day was the fifteen-year-old son of a saloon keeper. A total abstainer from the use of tobacco or intoxicants, with an experimental knowledge of the applied gospel, he is one of the most thorough-going little Christians I have ever known, and has won the confidence of all, young and old. The step was taken with the knowledge, consent, and full approval of his German-American father, who was present at the time.

The entire social life of Germany, we are assured, is dominated by King Alcohol. The drinking customs of the land literally demand recognition everywhere, from the nursery to the most cultivated and exclusive circles of adult society. At the public fountains, drinking utensils are not provided; water may be fit to wash clothes in, to cleanse the body with, or even to gratify the craving of the beast for drink, but to slake **human** thirst, never! Beer is the common table beverage of Germany. In most German restaurants you cannot order a regular dinner without including beer or wine, which are the only drinks offered on the bill of fare for that section, and must be paid for, whether desired or not. If you tell a German hotel keeper that you are a total abstainer, he will look at you in a way that will unmistakably declare his thought: "From what institution for the feeble-minded do you hail?" At the social gatherings of children of tender age, wine is served freely by the hostess, as a matter of course. When a guest arrives, the first demand of courtesy, after greetings have been exchanged, is not an opportunity to wash his hands and face, to brush or change his travel-stained clothes, but rather to refresh himself with some intoxicating drink. "Wollen sie viellicht etwas genieszen?" is the constant refrain echoed by the social life of Germany, whose drinking customs, hoary with age, are taken seriously in the light of a sacred social obligation.

**The Beer Garden.**

The German beer garden and the American saloon in contrast is an interesting study. The German beer garden is one of the time-honored institutions of the fatherland. It is frequented by men and women of excellent character and loftiest ideals, often accompanied by their children. Pastors and Church members, professors and theological students, lawyers and clients, men of affairs, etc., may be found sitting together in the beer gardens of Germany, discussing some Church problem, clearing up some theological difficulty, unraveling some legal tangle, talking over the affairs of state, or enjoying a bit of social converse, with now and then a sip from the glasses before them. In Germany, where the moderate use of mild intoxicants is so generally interwoven with every phase of business, social, and political life; where, to the student in academy, college, and university; the delegate to Church gatherings and Christian congresses; in fact, where, to the most representative people in every sphere of human activity, the drinking customs of the land have for centuries been haloed with a sense of sacred obligation, the social glass is so bound up with the most elegant manners and delightfully entertaining and attractive social prerogatives as to rob it of many of its dangers, particularly the temptation to excess, with which we are so familiar. It is doubtless true that the moderate drinker is less likely to become a drunkard in Germany than in the United States.

Contrasted with those of Germany, America can hardly be said to have any drinking customs which need to be reckoned with by the business man, the scholar, the social leader, or even the politician, although the appalling size of our national drink bill is ample evidence that the American consumes more than his share of intoxicants, and is a constant reminder of the grave necessity of doing our utmost to counteract the drink habit. In a country where the population is so heterogeneous, social customs are likely to be as varied as the nationalities represented. When the future American arrives; when the process of assimilation has become sufficiently complete to weld into one homogeneous national body the multitude of immigrants from all parts of the earth; then, and not until then, may we hope for the establishment of any distinctively American social customs that are likely to become time-honored.

The American saloon, in contrast with the German beer garden, with which it claims to be on a par, has no recognized place among our most representative advocate's plea for the saloon, with its palm garden attachment, as an American edition of the German beer garden, reminds me of a

certain school-teacher's experience, while endeavoring to drill some simple mathematical principles into the heads of a class of young hopefuls:

"This," said the teacher, holding up a pencil, "is a unit. This book is a unit, too. And these are units," showing them a ruler, a flower, and an apple. Then she peeled the apple and, holding up the peel, said: "Now, children, what is this?" Silence followed. "Come, you know what it is," she urged. Little Bill's hand went up, slowly. "Well, William," encouraged the teacher.

"Pleathe, ma'am, the skin of a unit," he replied.

Even with its palm garden attachment, the most that can be said for the American saloon as a reproduction of a German beer garden, is what little Bill said of the apple peel, "the skin of a unit." Indeed, instead of disguising the real character of the institution, the so-called "Palm Garden," with its unsavory reputation as a feeder to the brothel, serves rather to help expose the wretched counterfeit. The questionable advantages claimed for the German beer garden are not duplicated by the American saloon which, as yet, has not even been able to establish its claim to respectability. All are agreed that the saloon is no place for children. No respectable woman cares to be known as a frequenter of the saloon. Our most representative business men frown upon it as a menace to the efficiency of their employees. Those who patronize the salcon prefer to hide behind screens and curtains while indulging their appetites for intoxicants. Few drinking men care to be accompanied to the saloon by their wives. The great majority of saloon keepers are themselves ashamed of the business in which they are engaged, as I have reason to believe from th answers given by those whom I interviewed. Several impressed me as being in a frame of mind similar to that of the German saloon keeper who, at the close of the Rose-Dickie debate in Milwaukee, was heard to remark: "Ven dot Dickie got trou mit his speech, I feel like going home and sell mine saloon for one dollar." I haven't heard a pro-liquor address in the last two years, from Mayor Rose down to the humblest representative of the liquor interests, not even excepting Rev. Thomas Edward Barr of our so-called "People's Pulpit," that did not begin with an apology for the saloon.

While it must be admitted that the majority of our German-Americans are still wedded to the saloon, it is a significant fact that there is a strong and decidedly influential minority among them, ever increasing in numbers, that is becoming fatally hostile to the institution. He may still want his beer, and our most representative German-Americans now have it delivered to their homes in preference to going to the saloon after it.

**Anti-Saloon Sentiment.**

The German-American's growing hostility toward the saloon as a distributing agency for intoxicants, can no longer be ignored or explained away by the brewer and the saloon keeper. The opinions of men may differ as to the cause for this change of sentiment among the better class of German-Americans, but the fact itself compels recognition. The liquor journals and periodicals of recent date have had their columns crowded with apologies for the saloon. After years of insolent disregard of all proprieties and the most brazen indifference to every legal restriction, the brewers suddenly hasten to the front as the self-appointed leaders in the reform of the liquor traffic, heaping the blame for intolerable conditions upon the poor independent saloon keeper, as though the public were blind to the fact that in practically all of our large cities, at least three-fourths of the saloons are either owned or controlled by the brewers themselves. As an example of the insincerity of their proposed reforms, note the Austin Bill, heralded abroad by the brewers' press agent as the "most drastic temperance measure ever presented to the Legislature of Wisconsin," which was killed in the Senate, after having been passed by the Assembly. Had it become a law, the effect of the measure, according to Superintendent U. G. Humphrey of the Anti-Saloon League, would have been: nullification of the present law, compelling revocation of license for violation of the statute; brewers' complete control of the liquor traffic of Wisconsin; the prevention of the county option law from becoming an issue in the election two years hence. When the merits of the County Local Option Bill were being considered by our legislators, recently, 150,000 men, one fifth of the voters of German-American Wisconsin, petitioned the Legislature in favor of the measure. In his eloquent plea for the brewers during the closing moments of the debate on the proposed local option law before the committee at Madison, their attorney, W. H. Austin, made this significant admission: "Gentlemen! If you pass this measure, the very drinking men themselves will use it to get rid of the saloon!"

During the present session of the Wisconsin State Legislature, just closing, of the fifty liquor bills, forty-eight were introduced independently of the Brewers' Association or the Anti-Saloon League, whose efforts were concentrated on the Austin Bill and the Local Option Bill, respectively. There is an evident awakening among politicians on the subject of temperance reform in this state, even though the convictions of some, like Senators Stout and Hudnall, are still so vague and indefinite as to permit them to vote for both, the Local Option Bill, supported by the Anti-Saloon League and opposed by the Brewers' Association, and the Austin Excise Bill, fathered by the brewers and fought by the anti-saloon people. While neither of these measures lived through the conflict, a number of bills, decidedly helpful to the cause of temperance, passed both houses and have been or very probably will be signed by the governor: a measure changing the beginning of the license year to July 1, in harmony with the internal revenue year; a measure compelling the filing of no-license petitions ten days before election; a measure strengthening the black list law by giving the district attorney power to place the names of saloon keepers upon it for cause; a measure making it the duty of the sheriff, his undersheriff or deputy, to enter complaint for the violation of excise laws, with increased penalty; a measure to prevent adulteration of intoxicants; a measure forbidding minors to frequent saloons; a measure removing the right of attachment and garnishment to recover liquor debts; a measure requiring the saloon keeper to publish, with his application for a license, the names of his prospective bondsmen; and a measure prohibiting the sale of intoxicants to minors, with or without the written consent of their parents, thus practically eliminating the very objectionable "can-rushing" feature of the saloon business.

To me, one of the most significant signs of the times is the fact that the Milwaukee daily press is actually beginning to break away from the censorship of the brewers. Some tme ago, a reporter was asked, in my presence: "Is there a newspaper repoter in this city who dares to tell the truth on the temperance question?" After a moment's

hesitation, he replied: "Yes; but there are editors in this city who dare not publish it." Evidently the brewer's threat to crush every newspaper that failed to suppress Anti-Saloon League or temperance news, no longer keeps even Milwaukee editors awake at night.

**Increasingly Hostile.**

Whatever else may be said of the cause of the German-American's growing hostility toward the saloon, I am inclined to believe the following conclusions to be correct:

In the first place, the German-American is beginning to see that the American saloon is an impossible substitute for the German beer garden. Whatever the cause, whether due to the climate, the mixture of the races, America's strenuous life program, the wicked adulteration of intoxicants, or, as we believe, the character of the institution itself, which, stripped of its questionable advantages, its German idealism, and deceptive glamour, finally shows its claws and its teeth in all their horrible reality, the attempt to incorporate German drinking customs into American life has been a failure, with disastrous results. The German-American is becoming awake to the fact that for the sake of perpetuating in America, under impossible conditions, the social customs of Germany, he has often lost sight of the great issues involved in the amalgamation of the children of all climes and nationalities, and sold his birthright as an American citizen for a mess of pottage: the Continental Sabbath, with its Sunday saloon. Moreover, he is learning to regard the saloon in its true light as a creator of appetites for intoxicants, a destroyer of health, a corrupter of politics, a debaucher of morals, a feeder to the tenderloin, a rendezvous for criminals, a blight to the home, an enemy to the Church of God, a door to hell, with but one ideal—the almighty dollar—for the sake of which it will not hesitate to sacrifice everything worth while to Christian manhood and womanhood.

I heard Superintendent U. G. Humphrey tell the story of an interview between himself and a typical German-American in the waiting room of the Turtle Lake railroad station, where they had an hour between trains. It was a blustery winter's day. The German, a man of large frame and splendid physique, entered the room and, flecking the snow from the lapel of his overcoat, addressed Dr. Humphrey in deep, guttural tones:

"Any restaurant 'round here?"

"Don't know," said Humphrey; "I'm a stranger here."

The German started down the street, returning in about twenty minutes, when the following conversation ensued:

"You say you be a stranger here. So be I. Let us git acquainted togedder. Vat's your name?"

"Humphrey."

"Vat you do?"

"I'm a booze fighter."

"A boose fighter? Vat's dat?"

"I'm one of the workers for the Anti-Saloon League."

"Ha! You one off dem fellers? Vell, I yust vas ofer dere to a saloon und got me a trink, but I say 'Tam dem saloons!' "

"Why, how is that? You surprise me. You say that you've just been over there, patronizing the saloon, and now you curse the saloon? I don't quite understand. Tell me about it."

The German's whole demeanor suddenly changed.. Then, with a look of indescribable pathos, and tears in his voice, he continued: "Ach, ya! Dere vas mine brudder's poy in Milwaukee. He vas a goot poy, und such a fine young feller. Up to sixteen years he vas leading his classes in de schools. Denn he begins to hang 'round dem saloons, trink peer und visky. Und vere iss he now? Ofer on de Reform farm. I say, 'Tam dem saloons!' "

And as he continued the story, detailing step by step the downward career of that young life, whose splendid prospects were shattered by the American saloon, the two strong men wept together over the ruin.

**A Disgraceful Scene.**

Last summer, one beautiful Sunday afternoon, the brewers engineered the most disgraceful parade that was ever granted the freedom of Milwaukee's thoroughfares. The floats in that parade were an insult to the intelligence of the community, a gross misrepresentation of facts, and a blasphemous travesty on the Church of God. When the float caricaturing the Church service reached the point where I stood, I could not forbear exhorting the poor fool who had been hired to impersonate a preacher of the gospel, with the open Bible in his hands, on the law of the harvest. Someone standing near by asked me what I had against him. For two hours, it was my delightful privilege to explain. My audience numbered six representative people a German-American butcher and his wife, a German-American physician, a self-confessed gambler, a Canadian laboring man, and a member of our state Legislature. All of them were addictetd to the moderate use of intoxicants, yet none of them had a good word to say for the American saloon, owned or controlled by the brewer, as a distributing agency.

Several months ago, I was asked to take the negative in a debate with Internal Revenue Collector Henry M. Fink before the Westminster Club of this city, on the following question: "Will the Prohibition Wave Recede?" Two members of the license committee of the common council were present, and took part in the discussion which followed. Alderman Sebastian Walter, chairman of the license committee, said: "It is necessary that saloons exist in all large cities, but the saloons must be divorced from the social evils, such as gambling, assignating houses, and the like, with which they are at present closely affiliated. As chairman of the license committee, I shall endeavor to have all stalls, curtains, and screens removed from our saloons, and we'll let the daylight in." Alderman I. H. Tarrant, the other member of the license committee present, declared: "As a result of what I've heard to-night, I shall use my influence so long as I am a member of the common council, to see that the prohibition wave does not recede in the city of Milwaukee.'

In a recent analysis of the prohibition movement, ex-Governor Hoard of Wisconsin does not hesitate to affirm: "Seven out of ten votes that have been or will be cast against the public sale of liquor come from men who are not total abstainers, who have always reserved the right to take a drink when they wanted it." He states that this action is not due to any special hostility to the moderate use of intoxicants, but to a recognition of the fact that the American saloon has become such a fearful moral, social, and economic blight, as a result of the browers' and saloon keepers' blind greed for gold, that nothing short of its utter annihilation seems to offer any relief to the situation.

**The German and Total Abstinence.**

In the second place, thoughtful observers of the signs of the times are beginning to note a change of sentiment among our most representative German-Americans anent

the drink habit itself. The German-American is beginning to realize that even the German beer garden, with its boasted advantages, is after all not an unmixed blessing. He is seriously questioning whether the disadvantages of even a moderate indulgence in the use of intoxicants do not outweigh the advantages. The American champion of the saloon assures us that there are no drunkards in Germany; that the social customs of the Fatherland demonstrate the value of a moderate use of intoxicants as an essential stimulant. Those who know better have given us a glimpse into the darker side of German drinking customs, with their brutalizing influence, glaringly evident on the great feast days, when drunkenness is so common; also their blight upon student life, as evidenced by the number of promising careers that have been shattered through alcoholism.

In his address on "German Drinking Customs," before the Evangelical Social Congress in Germany, last year, Professor Walter Rauschenbusch of Rochester, N. Y., made the following declaration to his hearers, as they sat with their beer before them: "I have enjoyed the educational advantages of America, as well as those of Germany, and have friends of my youth there as well as here. I have carefully considered the careers of all the friends of my youth in America, and I don't know of one that has been blighted through drink. On the other hand, among my relatives and friends and schoolmates in Germany, I know of a considerable number who have been ruined, many of them in a lamentable manner, their downfall resulting in the most heart-breaking tragedies of home life. * * * Your most important task is to break the power of these social customs over educatetd and cultured circles in Germany, so that it will at least be as easy for the total abstainer to practice abstinence, as for him who indulges, to secure his drink." (My translation.)

As he listens to the American temperance advocate's plea for total abstinence, the German-American is reminded of the fact that not a few of the most resplendent names in German literature have been overshadowed by the curse of alcoholism; that there is a brutalizing tendency about German drinking customs which destroys the finer conceptions of life and of human relationships; that the freedom which is so characteristic of the social relations of the sexes in America, is largely due to the practice of total abstinence among our most cultured classes; that the use of intoxicants does seem to make some difference with a young man's likelihood of a successful career in life.

**Opinions of German Leaders.**

The German-American is beginning to recall what his own best thinkers have said on the subject:

Luther: "Our German demon must be represented by the wine cask and be called Drink, because his thirst cannot be quenched by huge drafts of wine and beer. I have prayed God to destroy the whole brewing industry."—Table Talk.

Goethe: "I avoid beer. If I also could do away with wine, I would be happy."—Diary, 1870.

Rosegger: "If a new Arminius should arise to-day with the holy purpose of restoring the German people to their original valor and greatness, he would on the first day be obliged to execute with the sword the distillers and the brewers."

Friedrich Jahn, founder of the German "Turnverin," wrote in 1840: "Here in Freiburg, where we have millions of vines in the vineyards, I am still able to live as a water-drinker. I believe that without a simple, sober, and pure mode of living, the whole practice of the turnverin is of no avail.'

Space will not permit my giving the testimony of such popular poets and authors as Freiderick von Logan, Albrecht von Haller, Gustav Freytag, Otto von Leixner, Paul Heyse, Gerhart Hauptmann, and Gustav Franssen; such thoroughgoing scientists as Hufeland, Leibig, Baer, Moebius, Delbruek, Von Pettenkofer, Hoppe, Von Bunge, Kraepelin, Fick, Holitscher, Forkel, Virchow, and Lorenz; such brilliant soldiers as Field-Marshall Von Moltke and Prince Bismark; such imperial leaders as Frederick the Great and Frederick William III. Even the present Emperor, though not a total abstainer, patronizes a German temperance society, and is responsible for the order forbidding the use of intoxicants to all railway employees while on duty.

## ENDEAVOR NOTES.

**Topic for August 15: "Two Valleys." (Pilgrim's Progress Series, VIII). Ps. 22: 1-8; Mic. 7: 7, 8; Rom. 8:35-39.**

Wm. H. Scudder.

Two pictures are given us in the selection of "Pilgrim's Progress" which we are to study, beginning at the departure of Pilgrim from the Palace Beautiful, with the words, "Then he began to go forward," and ending with the song uttered after he comes from the Valley of the Shadow. Christian's encounter with Apollyon is dramatic enough for two young men to recite, or read, after careful preparation.

1. Action and reaction are almost as invariable in spiritual as in mental methods. In fact the process is the same. The spirit is influenced by the entire nature. Great physical effort brings its exhiliration, and consequent weariness. We soar aloft like birds on our mental wings, but like them, are glad to return to the earth for quiet. The reaction after revivals is too well known for comment. Our individual experiences are not otherwise. The Palace Beautiful is inviting indeed, but standing on the hill, one inevitably descends on leaving it. Periods of depression should be carefully watched. They are effects, growing out of physical causes oftentimes, out of mental conditions sometimes. Remedying the cause will remove or modify the effect.

2. There is a vast difference between Humility and Humiliation. Humility is a virtue, a realization of our gifts and powers, and a correct knowledge of how they can be used and what they can accomplish. Humiliation is a state of mortification. It is accompanied with the feeling of disgrace. It is well to bear in mind that God never seeks to humiliate us. Sin humiliates. Evil disgraces us. The Christian who is striving to overcome temptation and fails, is humiliated because he feels the shame of sin in his soul, not simply because he fails in the struggle. And it is this sense of shame that drives to greater effort to rid ourselves of sin. In humiliation we cry aloud for Him who can remove that which produces shame within us.

3. Times of depression are opportunities for spiritual foes to assail us. After forty days of fasting, when He was physically weak, the tempter came to our Master. It is along this line that so many are assailed,—and fail. The time of our lack of defensive power is the occasion of the tempter's victory. Bunyan depicts the manner in which the distinctively Christian character is assaulted, from knowledge gatherd out of his own experience, doubtless. First there is a contrast thrown up of the success attending those

who are not Christian. How many times does the question come to struggling Christian, "I wonder if it pays, after all?" Then comes discouragement from the strong hold that evil retains on our nature. There is that same old "besetting sin," there are those tendencies which we supposed had faded away, and there are new temptations, springing out of untried experiences. Altogether, we feel as if we had met Apollyon, and his claims to us held good. The trusty armor (Eph. 6:10-18), the two-edged sword (Heb. 4:12), the example of Christian heroes, and the sustaining power of God's hand are good to feel at such hours, that when "We are weak, then we may be strong."

4. The Valley of the Shadow. The dread of death has pervaded the race to a remarkable degree. If we were mere animals there would not be such a dread. Animals fear danger, but when their hour of life extinction approaches, they usually are as quiet over it as if it were the hour of sleep. This difference points to the moral possession of human beings. "'Tis conscience doth make cowards of us all." When Gladstone was nearing death he spoke of it as an "untried experience." That is one cause of our dread. Bunyan well depicts the horrors that in his day were thrown around that path through which all have to pass. But there are only two things which can make that place so terrible. One is the past. A life that has borne its own condemnation, will flare vividly in consciousness as death approaches. The other is the future. The judgment which we feel assured will be given by the great Judge whom we are then to face, is the source of the great shrinking from this experience untried. For both, there is the love, and the mercy, and the forgiveness of our God. Paul had no dread of death. For him to depart and be with Christ was "far better." It may be well to understand, and depict, what death can bring to the doors of evil, but it is better to live conscientiously, serve God, follow Christ, and be able to say with the Psalmist, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

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## FROM THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE STANDPOINT.

Editor of The Pacific:

In a recent issue of your paper are quotations from Professor Munsterberg of Harvard in which he so definitely misstates the position of the Christian Scientists that I ask your permission to make the following brief correction:

Having assumed that the practice of Christian Science is but a form of mental "suggestion," this Professor proceeds to define the limits of such "suggestion" and then to apply these limits to Christian Science; but the first assumption is not correct, so that the deductions from it have no weight. Christian Science relies wholly upon the power of God to heal; and since God is all-powerful, it follows that there is no disease that cannot be healed through the correct application of the method taught in Christian Science. This conclusion is not only a logical deduction from correct premises, but it is substantiated by numerous well authenticated cases of the permanent cure of the very diseases which this Professor has concluded, in accordance with his theory, could not be healed.

Christian Science does not depend upon the influence of the human mind, nor does it consider this mind a healing factor; rather does it teach men to seek "that mind which was also in Christ Jesus" in order that the "signs" of healing both sin and sickness may follow those that "believe," even as was illustrated in the early Christian Church.

Yours sincerely,

OLCOTT HASKELL.

San Francisco, August 2, 1909.

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## NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. B. F. Boller of Olivet Church, Los Angeles, is spending his vacation in this part of California. Mr. Boller occupied the pulpit of Bethany Church, San Francisco, last Sunday. Next Sunday he will be with the North Berkeley Church.

The Rev. W. R. Bair, who is living now at 1719 Goss street, Oakland, is open to engagements as pulpit supply at any place within an hundred miles of San Francisco. He can be had for one Sunday or for seevral. Mr. Bair was pastor for some time of the Ocean View Church in San Francisco.

The Rev. Dr. Brooks of Walla Walla, Washington, spoke in Pilgrim Church, Oakland, last Sunday morning, and in the First Church in the evening. As usual all who were present heard him gladly, both sermons being full of inspiration and helpfulness. Dr. Brooks has gone to visit relatives at Redlands. He expects to return to Oakland about the 23d of this month, and the following week to his work at Walla Walla.

The University of the Pacific at San Jose conferred upon the Rev. W. T. Patchell, pastor of the Congregational Church in that city, the degree of Doctor of Divinity. The educational institution from which this degree came is under the control of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Coming from an institution situate in the city in which Mr. Patchell has been pastor for several years it is one of the many evidences of the popularity of this scholarly and consecrated man.

There was a large attendance at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity last Monday. The vacation time is drawing to a close and many had returned from their outings. While telling of some of his experiences and observations as a camper on Russian river, Professor Buckham of Pacific Theological Seminary spoke of the excellent work which the Rev. E. E. Chakurian is doing at Guerneville as pastor and by sermons remarkable for intellectuality and spirituality.

Next Monday the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity are to have the pleasure of seeing Yosemite through views taken by the Rev. L. P. Hitchcock of Alameda. The meting will be held in the picture gallery near the corner of Dwight Way and Shattuck in Berkeley, just opposite the Barker Block. Yosemite over the Indian trails will be Mr. Hitchcock's subject. The ministers are asked to bring their wives and other members of their families. The following Monday there will be a general discussion on the question, "What is the Matter with Present Day Preaching?" Professor Tolson of Pacific Theological Seminary will lead in the discussion.

# Among the Churches

## CALIFORNIA.

**Crockett.**—Union services are held by the Congregational and Presbyterian churches. Mr. and Mrs. Pulcifer are enjoying the refitted parsonage.

**Berkeley, Park.**—The Rev. F. M. Price, pastor, has returned from his vacation trip to Southern California. Communion services were held Sunday mornig and one person was received to membership on confession.

**Redondo Beach.**—The Baraca Boys of the Congregational church of Redondo Beach are raising money for a club house. Miss Lucy Elizabeth Wolcott of Long Beach, the daughter of our Bro. Wolcott, a graduate of Pomona College, gave a very acceptable musicale under their auspices. She is assisted by Miss Ethel W. Putman as pianist. Any church wishing a concert will do well to engage these young ladies.

**Oakland, Second.**—Sunday evening, August 22, a representative workingman will speak and will tell how and why laboring men are estranged from the church. The following Sunday evening another will tell in what manner, in his judgment, they can be brought into touch with the church and to co-operation in the work. A recent series of Sunday evening addresses by the Rev. Mr. Briggs, the pastor, on social questions has added largely to the attendance. The increase was not so much from the parish, however, as it was from the parts of the city here and there outside the limits of the parish.

## WASHINGTON.

**(Rev. C. F. Clarke, Correspondent, 7212 Woodlawn Ave., Seattle, Wash.)**

**Everett.**—Dr. C. E. Snowden of Chicago is supplying during August. No one has been called to the pastorate yet.

**Long Beach.**—The new church was dedicated July 18th, President Penrose, Dr. Greene and Supt. Scudder taking part in the service. Pres. Penrose is again summering near here on the Sound.

**Fountleroy.**—A reception was tendered Rev. and Mrs. Elvin who are to help in this field. Mr. Elvin is assistant pastor of Plymouth Church, but will preach here and conduct the Sunday-school.

Rev. Wm. M. Proctor and family are spending July and August in Seattle. About the first of September Mr. Proctor takes charge of the church at Nome, Alaska. Rev. Lambert L. Woods will probably take a charge in Washington.

**Seattle.—Fairmount.**—After worshiping in a tent nearly two years a building has been started; services were held in it July 18th, though it is not completed. The building is about 60 by 40, with basement, and will be attractive and convenient.

Rev. R. D. Nichols leaves Lowell and begins work at Richmond Beach. Before leaving Lowell the parishoners presented Mr. and Mrs. Nichols with substantial tokens of love. Mr. Nichols has done a splendid work here and deserves the thanks of the denomination for a wise handling of a difficult problem.

**New Schools.**—New Sunday-schools were recently organized by Rev. J. M. Dick at High Point, near Centralia, and at Breidalblik, near Paulabro. This is a Norwegian settlement but there are enough English-speaking people to warrant a Sunday-school for them. The sessions are held in the same building used by the Norwegian church.

**Puyallup.**—Rev. G. N. Edwards preached the baccalaureate sermon for the high school and has been active in forming a ministerial association. A series of union Sunday evening services to be held in the park are being planned for. A special election will be held August 17th and a strenuous effort is being made to carry the city for no license.

**Seattle, West Side.**—Dr. Dunstan is traveling extensively through the East, lecturing and preaching; he was attending Chautaqua meetings in Iowa at the last accounts. The church services are maintained throughout the summer. Rev. John T. Percival, Sunday-school Missionary of Eastern Washington, preached July 18th. Dr. Strong and Mr. Scudder were among the other preachers.

**Seattle, University.—**The Building operations are progressing rapidly and it is expected that the church will be completed very shortly. Dr. Mason preaches every Sunday but spends part of each week at his cottage at Eagle Harbor. Attendance on the services has been unusually large for the summer time; this is true also of all our Seattle churches—a fact that refutes the pessimistic utterance of those who saw in the exposition a menace to the work of the churches.

**Seattle, Queen Anne.**—Dr. Strong has organized a series of meetings held in Kinnear Park Sunday afternoons; these are of course non-sectarian, but the singing of hymns and Bible reading is not prohibited and the addresses are all by Christian leaders upon distinctly religious themes. The attendance so far has exceeded a thousand each Sunday. Perhaps the most unique meeting was held July 25th, at which the speakers were: Rev. Messers. Miyagawa, Furaya and Inouye, spoken of below. The singing is led by Rev. D. W. Craw, a member of the Green Lake Church.

**Idaho and Eastern Washington.**—Dr. Greene and Mr. Scudder have just returned from a trip during which they visited among other places Craig Mountain, West Lake, Ferdinand, Woodside, Lewiston, where they assisted in the recognition service for Rev. Mr. Hunter, who recently came to us from the Baptists. Dr. Greene proceeded to Peary, where there is a new church and Sunday-school, to help plan for a building to be put up at once. Both were at Rosalia and Malden, an account of the work at the latter place appeared in a recent issue. Dr. Greene and Mr. Reid were at Cusic which is now building a twelve hundred dollar church.

**Irondale.**—The first great center of the iron industry in Washington will be at Irondale, where in a few weeks a large plant will be turning out considerable material, especially bridge, structural and railroad forms. Lots have been donated by Mr. James A. Moore, the promoter. Mr. Dick begun the organization of a Sunday-school and ordered lumber for a tent. He and Dr. Greene will organize

a Sunday-school and church the first Sunday in August. The town promises to become an important manufacturing center and we may expect a strong church in a few years. Mr. Moore and Mr. G. Henry Whitcomb of Worcester, Mass., who is now in Seattle, are planning to irrigate a large district on the Columbia and to lay out the town of Whitcomb. Lots will be given and a church building erected, plans for which are already in Mrs. Whitcomb's hands.

**Cusick, Washington.**—The corner stone of the new Congregational church at Cusick was laid on July 28, Rev. C. A. Rice of Newport having charge of the ceremony and giving the address. Rev. David H. Reid, state evangelist, who had arranged for the event, was present and took charge of the opening services. This work, commenced one and one-half years ago by Rev. J. W. Rhodes, has been fostered during the past three months by Mr. Reid with the result that a building 24x40 feet is in process of erection, built in a neat style of architecture and sufficiently large for the present neds of the congregation. The Cusick church will be a mother church for the entire Pend O'Reille river valley, it being at present the only organization between Newport and the Canadian boundary, a distance of about seventy miles. Rev. T. W. Gibbs of Westlake, Idaho, who is expected to take up the work at an early date, will undertake to develop the work in several adjacent points, among them being one at Metalline. This valley is being entered by the Idaho & Washington Northern railroad, and will speedily deevlop into on of the most valuable fields in the state.

**Seattle, Plymouth.**—Dr. Van Horn will spend his vacation on the Sound. The church work will be carried on vigorously throughout the summer. Dr. Temple, who not only loves his old congregation but loves the delightful Sound climate and scenery, will be the supply in the main. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis was to have preached recently but was delayed; he will probably preach later as he is spending a few weeks here. Last Sunday evening six Congregational ministers, not residents of Washington, were discovered in the audience. The Exposition is responsible for many visitors, but every summer it is noticed that there is an increasing number of summer visitors from every part of the country, drawn here by the beauty of scenery, delightsomness of climate, opportunities for visiting places of magnificence by short and pleasurable water trips and by the interest felt by people everywhere in Seattle's wonderful growth. This year not a church, however small or far in the suburbs, but has welcomed the visitors. Rev. T. Miyagawa of Osaka preached July 25th. His morning subjest was "What the People of the Far East Think of Jesus."

**Seattle, Japanese Work.**—Seattle has a large Japanese population and Christian activity among them is carried on earnestly. Our own church is not the least among the Japanese churches, and its pastor, Rev. R. Inouye, is considered one of the ablest of the Japanese pastors. Besides his regular churuch work he addresses from six hundred to eight hundred Japanese on some subject connected with their life in America each month. At present special efforts for the evangelization of the Japanese are being made. Rev. T. Miyagawa of Osaka, who is one of Japan's most eloquent pastors, will spend a fortnight here in this work. A reception was tendered him at the Japanese church; he attended as guest of honor the Congregational Brotherhood meeting at Pilgrim Church, and on the twenty-third of July began the campaign among his countrymen. Mr. Miyagawa is one of the three surviving members of the first graduating class of the Doshisha. After the Brotherhood supper there was a union meeting of the Congregational churches of the city which filled the spacious auditorium of Pilgrim Church. Able and inspiring addresses were delivered by Rev. L. J. Bennet of Totori; Mr. Miyagawa, Mr. Inoye, and Rev. M. Furuya, pastor of the Japanese Church of Los Angeles. The dominant note was Brotherhood and universal kinship through God. The expressions of friendliness and love from our Japanese visitors were very gratifying. Mr. Miyagawa seemed to regard America not only as the teacher of Japan from whom she has learned much and is learning, but also as partner in the development of the Christian civilization of Corea, China and Manchuria. Mr. Inouye leaves in a few days for Oberlin College where he will pursue further theological studies. Rev. N. Kubisher, of Oakland, Cal., will succeed him. Mr. Inouye has won a place of high esteem among our pastors and we shall miss him, but are glad the way has opened for him to enter Oberlin and hope that he may return to Seattle.

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# THE HOME

## OUR HOMEMAKER.

By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

Where the mountains slope to the westward,
And the purple chalices hold
The new made wine of the sunset,
Crimson and amber and gold.

In this one, wide-open doorway,
With the elm boughs overhead,
The house all garnished behind her
And the plentiful table spread,

She stood to welcome our coming,
Watching our upward climb
In the sweet June weather that brought us,
Oh, many and many a time!

To-day in the gentle splendor
Of the early summer noon,
Perfect in sunshine and fragrance,
Although it is hardly June;

Again is her doorway opened
And the house is garnished and sweet,
But she silently waits for our coming,
And we enter with silent feet.

A little within she is waiting:
Not where she has met us before,
For over the pleasant threshold
She is only to cross once more.

The smile on her face is quiet
And a lily is on her breast;
Her hands are folded together
And the word on her lips is "rest."

And yet it looks like a welcome,
For her work is compassed and done;
All things are seemly and ready,
And her summer is just begun.

It is we who may not cross over;
Only with song and prayer,
A little way into the glory
We may reach as we leave her there.

But we can not think of her idle;
She must be a homemaker still,
God giveth that work to the angels,
Who fittest the task fulfill.

And somewhere yet in the hilltops
Of the country that has no pain,
She will watch in her beautiful doorway
To bid us welcome again.

## CREATING A HOME.

It sometimes seems that home-making is a lost art. Between the grand mansion and the humble flat the old-fashioned, simple, hospitable home is far more difficult to create than in former days before service was purchased with heart's blood and the cost of living had risen to almost prohibitory heights. The old easy mode of existence with good neighbors and familiar friends, who, living near at hand, "ran in" through unlocked doors and "visited" in every-day clothes, chatting of all household interests, sympathetic in all that touched each other, is now, if anywhere, found confined to remote corners of the earth where the simple life is still possible.

The immense advance in the cost of living has done its blighting share in this result. Life has become secretive, instead of frank and open-hearted. Who would venture now into a neighbor's kitchen without a special invitation, on some occasion when the work-room looks like a picture? The old, easy-going, familiar kitchen was forferly the pleasantest place in the house. There the visitors sat at ease, while their friends deftly did the work of the household with that despatch and neat skill that has gone out of fashion with the great fireplace, the bake oven, the settle in the warm corner. Now we must keep up the tradition that we don't work at anything menial. We call upon our neighbors in our best clothes. We "entertain," a word of equivocal and unreal meaning.

There are several reasons why it is increasingly difficult to create a home on the old, simple, friendly basis. One is the growing aversion to drudgery, and included in the term is ordinary household labor. Like mistress, like man. The drudgery of the mill, the sweatshop, and the office, with all their monotony and danger, seems far preferable to the cheerful variety and change of the family interior. In the old days mistress and maid served together. They were companionable and friendly, if not on an equality. They respected each other's rights and looked to each other's welfare, and the sense of genuine attachment often prolonged the relation for years. The maid was not an alien, a person of remote and unlike race with traditions, habits, and modes of thought antipodal to ours. The eastern and southern races are invading our kitchens, penetrating the intimacy and privacy of our lives. What wonder the outlook of a home seems dark. They grasp at the highest wage possible for the least work. They are money grabbers, totally unaccustomed to family life, lured by the golden bait of American gold and the ease with which it is won, and thus outside the sympathies and affections of those with whom they are forced into a false relation. The kitchen too often becomes thus a battlefield.

But it is useless to mourn lost hospitality, lost ease and freedom of intercourse, lost understanding and power of approach between employer and domestic. The movement will continue until the circle is rounded, and there is at least a partial return to the old conditions of a division of labor in the household, and domestic work again becomes honorable. It is said that the number of "helpers" employed to-day in middle class houses is twenty-five per cent. less than it was a few years ago.

The true domestic life is based on service and reciprocity, not hireling and servile terms. If there is a crack in the house, it is apt to extend from garret to cellar, and shows the line of rupture between the two foreign and unfriendly elements that harbor under one roof. The servant has no idea of the sacredness of contract, the employer no thought beyond the pound of flesh bargained for. The love of home, once so much vaunted, appears almost extinct in many migratory households. No one place is more sacred to them than another, no roof tree holds dear and sacred traditions from which they would grieve to part. Their true home is a trunk, and the outside of the house is far more attractive to them than the interior But a house, the finest and grandest, is only the shell that encloses the true home. It is an ideal that lives in the heart and speaks of rest and peace and love and sacrifices for duty, stability, and trust. So opposed is this to the restless spirit of the age, the would-be home creator is almost discouraged at the outset. Who will enter with him into a pact of friendly enjoyment and quiet pleasures? The home can scarcely exist alone. It needs and demands a congenial **entourage.** Its very roof, as it gazes over the landscape, seems to ask, "Is there any other roof at hand I can love and honor, any roof that will think and feel with me and share the life I would create?"

But the neighbor is practically unknown in the city, and in the country is fast becoming obsolete. The formal acquaintance is taking his place, who owes no obligations, acknowledges no ties to the next resident. It is vain to regret the passing of the old order—the difficulty of making a residence anything more than a shelter, untouched by influences and sentiments that enrich, uplift, and ennoble life. But a haunting thought lingers that a home should be a consecrated place, dedicated to the gentle divinities. The more difficult to create, the more we long for it. We have visions of old tranquil, beneficent homes where we once received a benediction as we crossed the threshold; where strife, disorder, and unrest seemed as impossible as they would seem in heaven; where the very walls were hallowed and rendered responsive to good thought and beautiful images. The people who inhabited there had created an atmosphere that surrounded the place with an aureole of peace,—a diffused influence of charity, kindness, sympathy, and love. Such homes doubtless exist now, but they are outside the stream of strenuous existence. When we would penetrate the secret of their charm, we find there consecration to the service of God. For the spiritual element alone can transfigure life and blend all things into the golden light of the higher ranges of living.

Such homes are dedicatetd to God and humanity. The sentiment of love of good literature, the best the ages have spared, appreciation of fine art, recognition of all excellence in men and women, whether pertaining to the lofty or lowly, are the elements of this noble creation. To such a place the finest natures will be drawn because it will seem the very gate of heaven. Blessed are those who can attract into their homes such influences. Houses are not mere conglomerations of brick, stone, and wood: by subtle inoculation they partake of the character of those who dwell therein, as the wood of old violins becomes surcharged with harmonies. They impart a sense of rest to those who enter,—not body rest alone, but soul rest. The weary go away refreshed, the grieving comforted, the sad lightened of burdens, the discouraged cheered.—Christian Register.

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## HOUSEWIFERY IN CHILDHOOD.

Out of the airlight daydreams of a child develops the mightiest of all factors in the making or marring of men and women—the home. When does it begin, where does it begin, this instinctive reaching out toward the future in the soul of a little girl?

We look away, away back, before the time when we first stood, shy and trembling, within the door of the village school, and found that, after all, the girls were not strangers to us, for they set out their lunch at noon on a log table and burdock dishes just as we did, and played "party" under the trees; before that day when our souls were rent by the breaking of the diminutive teapot from which we were serving three dolls and a rude boy cousin who reached across the table and smashed the china and the laws of hospitality at one sweep; before the time when we clasped our first doll baby in our arms and felt that here was something around which every airy fancy could weave itself unchecked, every budding instinct of care-giving find a vent; back until memory is but a mist, peopled with faint shadows, the form of which still suggests a baby dream of rulership over the sweetest realm on earth.

There are women, alas, who, with that wonderful realm at their feet, fail to take up their scepter, and let anarchy and choas rule in the kingdom that should be theirs. Perhaps these women have developed from little girls who have never played at home-making and home-keeping, if there be such. Is it not possible that in every case they may have developed from the child whose dreams have been discouraged, whose ideals have been destroyed almost as soon as they were born by the biting or stifling or unsympathetic atmosphere in which they lived? A child's ideals are such gossamer things. They can be brushed away like a cobwed by a careless hand; yet, left to grow, sheltered from rough handling, tenderly nourished and encouraged, by and by they strengthen into silken threads and very ropes to which the adult soul may cling through every storm.

The woman who cannot in quiet moments steal backward through the years and find in memory's storeroom, fresh and sweet as when laid away there thirty, forty, fifty years ago, all the furnishings of her first dream home, is rare, and surely sad indeed.

That backward look is like turning the leaves of a magic picture book from which the scenes start out alive. There's the old oak tree, spreading its branches cathedral-wise over a little figure on the grass, here and there letting a tricky sunbeam slip through to tease the upturned face, and then, as a fairy godmother might present an enchanted gift, softly dropping into the lap a little shower of acorns. Mere nuts of bitter taste, to toss about a moment and then throw aside? No, indeed; material from which to weave a present joy, a lifelong memory. The acorn's cup becomes the dearest little saucer in the world, and where could daintier cup be found than the hollowed-out nut? With a set of six, and a doll and two saucy robins for guests, who shall say that the hostess of 20 years later, presiding over delicate Dresden and costly glass, will be so well content as the wee woman beneath the oak?

What wealth of material for the child housewife does dear old Mother Earth provide; Is it a set of furniture that's needed, of a certain size and shape to fit out a dream parlor? Here in the fence corner are soft, clinging burrs, living green or russet brown, for tables, chairs, a fairy sofa, or even a market basket to be carried on the finger. Is it a dainty meal that's to be served? Here are milkwood pods, hiding a plump fish with shining scales, and when the scales and soft silk are removed, what trout ever served on mother's table can compare with this?

Are invitations to be issued for a party? There's a corner in the grove where the tall silver poplars stand whispering together. Tell them what is wanted, and they will say that the proper thing is a single oblong leaf, dark green on one side, silvery white on the other, with just a few words in ink—the date, the name of the entertainer and the guest— no more.

And then the dress. Back to the old oak tree, or to the maple just across the lane and eager to help. Here is a low-lying bough. Off comes the leaves, and back and forth are woven into a glossy wreath. What jeweled tiara will ever more bewitchingly adorn the sunny head?

And now for a necklace. "Take us," cry the long dandelions. "Each stem will make a link for the chain, and for bracelets too; and our fluffy heads will tell you the time, so you will know when to expect your guests." O busy little hostess! How blithely the preparations go forward, with no fear of unkind criticism from those bidden or unbidden.

Can all this mean nothing—lead to nothing? The soft little limbs develop into strong, capable members. The mind expands and strengthens, grasping the facts it meets with ever increasing power. The means of encouraging yes, urging—its advance are many. Does not the heart of a child count for as much as either brain or body—that heart which is oftentimes more occupied with miniature housewifery than is the heart of the woman for whom the bloom has been brushed off before she was old enough to learn that no shadow home of childhood can be half so sweet as the rightly realized substance of later years?

Eucourage the little one in her dream of a home over which she herself shall reign. Touch lightly the ideals that she forms. They are but air bubbles now, and their rainbow tints will vanish at a breath; but they are her own, and they are the shadow of the substance which grown-up years will bring. If on the dream side her nature is permitted to expand as freely as on the side of physical development or mental achievement, she will be in less danger later on of underestimating that in which the highest possibilities of her womanhood may be realized, or despising that which is the sweetest inheritance of her sex.

And if that inheritance should never come to her—shall she not at least have her dream?—Frances E. Gale, in The Interior.

# Young People

### THE WORK-A-DAY LASS.

**W. Livingstone Lanard.**

There's never a task that she will not do,
With a bright and smiling face,
Love with the labor the long day through,
And everything in its place.
Tidying up when the first pale dawn
Peeps at the window sill:
Running along to the gladsome song
Of home, for it is her will.

Sparkling white is the washing there,
Dainty the frocks and frills,
Sweet as the wind from a woodland lair
Wrapped in the mystic hills.
Kitchen, a nook where the kettles shine.
Pots— you can catch a trace
Of her golden hair and the velvet line
Of her laughing, pretty face.

Never a nook that the broom escapes,
Dusted the sunny halls;
Patched all her stockings and gowns and capes,
Work-a-day ever and willing, too,
Busy the years that pass;
Offer her praise when she comes to you
This little household lass.

—Young People's Paper.

### WHAT THE TEDDY BEAR SAID.

It was one of those strenuous days when Kathryn had worn herself out with play. She made a snow man in the side yard and Teddy Bear was in his element when he and Kathryn slid down hill together. That is the sort of weather little bruins like, you know.

Kathryn's Teddy Bear is of the Polar variety, and is as silky and white as he should be, of course.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the dear little girl stole away by herself into a quiet corner of the room. Sitting in her own chair she began to rock Teddy to sleep. His bright eyes glistened as the setting sun shone through the window right in his face. Kathryn stroked him lovingly, tying his blue bow over into a perkier knot. Then with a loving kiss on his snubby black nozzle she sang a lullaby to Teddy.

The chair rocked back and forth—back and forth—the little head drooped lower, and voice grew fainter, for she was looking right in Teddy's eyes and oh! how bright they were. Did they dance, or was it a fancy? Yes, her little baby bear was really alive and trying to show his joy in those sparkling black beads in his face.

He gave a little grunt—which made her start back at first—and wound his fat chubs of arms around her neck. Kathryn unwound them quickly and said she did not like bear hugs. Then Teddy began to talk, just as the baby did in the old, old story of the three little bears. Hm, Hm, it was the same squeally voice of the Mother Goose tales.

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He jumped down from her lap and hopped first on one foot, and then on the other, to show Kathryn how he used to dance the Iceland fling.

The child was delighted and urged him to go on with the tale of his adventures.

Teddy stuck his chest out proudly and strutted on his hind legs for all the world like the trained bears waddle about the streets.

In the deepest voice he could call up he began to relate the story of a perilous event in which he and his mother took part.

"I was the only baby mother had," Teddy drawled his words in an important manner. "Her first born, she told me, and I was all the world to her, she said.

"It was awfully cold and dark up there in Greenland, where the wind feels like ice and cuts as it blows. The fat little pads on my feet kept me warm, but I always danced about to keep them alive.

"Mother had a nice way of telling me stories when I got cranky and tired, but sometimes I did not care to listen—then I was sorry, for my mother was a soft white bear, not very big, and quite slender, too," Teddy proudly exlpained. "She loved to play with me, and we'd tumble around our cave often like your tiger kittens down stairs.

"One night we had a great fright . Mother and I had wandered off on a fishing tour in the afternoon. She selected a big iceberg as our float, that was like an island, only in the shape of a tent of snow.

"We drifted along and had a gay time for hours. I ate my fill of fish; then I wished to go home, and squealed all the time. Mother could growl if she wanted to, and she would hum or purr when she wanted to quiet me. She tried all sorts of stories on me—thrillers they were—but I wanted to go home. The ice float we were on was separated from the others and we kept on sailing for a long distance. I got uglier all the time and squealed like a good fellow.

"Mother said in firm but quiet way, 'Be quiet, cubby.' I yelped and squealed louder than ever. She at last turned on me with a snarl, showing her big, white teeth and pink tongue; her eyes were piercing and full of fire. She lifted that soft paw and gave me such a stinging 'swat' that I took an ice bath in the black sea about us.

"Howl, you say! I screeched with rage and fear, but mother scopped me in with her long, black claws and ladle of a hand. Every hair on my pelt stood alone, for a minute, in a glassy little icicle. I was a shivering piece of bear meat, but mother warmed me with her breath and washed me with her tongue. She said, 'It will do you good.'

"Then we began to drift nearer another berg. The moment we touched its side we leaped to it, ( and then to another, until we reached our cave, where dad—the handsomest Polar bear you ever saw—was pacin' around and growling all sorts of words because he thought his wife and baby boy were lost.

"I sneaked off to bed, but the next day I was as sassy as ever—so daddy said."

Kathryn was convlused with laughter and giggled on while he recounted his feasts of fish.

"Mother would stand on the edge of an ice float and dip her soft paws into the water, clawing upa fish every time for her little cub to eat—sometimes we had better fare than this, but I was so young that I was not permitted to

eat the seals. I had sea grass in the summer I was born."

"But tell me how you got to America," said Kathryn, for she was more interested in that than anything.

Teddy's eyes grew very wide, and he waited for a moment or two, then continued: "That's a horrid story." His voice was softer and assumed a sadder tone.

"Mother was shot the day the big boat full of men landed in the Arctic seas. I was put in the ship with a lot of little brown and white cubs to sail over here to America and put in the stores, where little girls like you, Kathryn, could find us to play with."

It had been rare pleasure to Kathryn to listen to his wonderful story, but when he told her how he came to America she opened her arms and the little bear gladly leaped into her lap, while she hugged him up to her, saying:

"Oh, then, you are a really, truly bear, Teddy dear. Indeed, I love you more than ever, for now I know your eyes are real, instead of glass. Often I see them jump up and down like little stars. Is that when you are happy, Teddy?"

Kathryn snuggled him up close and he panted in her ear with delight, as she stroked his cold muzzle and pressed him next to her heart.

Just then a voice rang out clear and sharp, "Kathryn! Where are you, Kathryn?" The door was opened quickly and mother walked up to the small rocker. "Why don't you answer me?" she said, taking hold of the back of the chair.

The child started, rubbed her eyes, looked at her mother in a dazed manner, and faltered, "I did—not—hear you."

In wonder her mother answered: "Why, you must have been asleep, dear, for I called twice."

Kathryn looked into Teddy's eyes with a smile and whispered in his ear: "We know, don't we, Teddy dear. What's the use of telling anyone about it, for they won't believe us anyway."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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### ERIC AND "THE COLONEL."

Eric went slowly out into the garden. For three long, creeping hours the sunshine and the birds and the smell of the clover had been calling, calling, while he lay in bed and wished mother woud come and say the words which would show him that he was once more free and forgiven.

"When will my little son learn self-control?" mother said, sorrowfully, as she led him upstairs and began to unfasten the shoes from a pair of little feet that had taken again out into the forbidden street and away from home.

"What shall mother do to make him remember not to run away?"

"How would tying him up do?" came Uncle Ben's merry voice from the next room. "I'll drive a peg for him just as I have for the old rooster. He runs away, too, and gets into the next-door neighbor's garden, and makes no end of bother. But the queer thing is that all the little chicks love their mother so much that they won't run away. I'm glad for I should hate to see the old mother hen wandering about worried and anxious, looking for them. It must be a terrible trouble."

Mother did not smile as she often did at what Uncle Ben said. There was a weary look in her face that went to Eric's heart. He hung his head in shame, and was glad when mother went out softly and left him alone "to think it over."

He was really so sorry. He had not meant to disobey; but it was so hard to keep just where he belonged, and such a little step over the forbidden boundary seemed to make him forget all about his promises.

One day it had been an organ grinder and a monkey, with a little red jacket!—a dear little monkey that bowed, and held out his cap for pennies, and that cuddled right down in Eric's arms!

Probably Eric walked miles that day through the hot, dusty streets, and mother was almost sick with anxiety.

Another time it was an unbroken colt that went curveting by, escaped from the stables; and every bound of its light hoofs and toss of its mane and glance of its eye yas an irresistible call to Eric to follow.

To-day it was a man who sold patent medicines. There was a chime of bells under his cart. His horses had red tassels on their heads, and he threw out little boxes of tiny bonbons at beguiling intervals.

Now any one can see that these were real temptations that Eric had to battle, and Eric knew this, and was thinking of it as he went slowly down into the garden and the sunshine and the smell of clover.

Suddenly he stopped; for there, within a few feet of him, was old Colonel, the rooster, tied to a stake and tugging to be freed at sight of Eric. Poor old Colonel!

Then it flashed across Eric what Uncle Ben had said: "The little chicks love their mother too much to run away from her, but the old rooster has to be tied up."

Eric loved mother so! He stood looking down at old Colonel, and then turned and ran back to mother.

"Mamma," he cried, "will you untie old Colonel, and let me have the care of him, and keep him from running away for the rest of the day? I will take a stick to drive him, and some corn to coax him back when I can; but I know if I have to keep something from running away, it will help me remember how you feel, and I do want to stay by you like the little chicks."

There was a soft light in mother's eyes as she untied old Colonel—a light which mothers know about. It is kindled in the heart. It shone all that long, hot afternoon, as she watched a little figure trudging about after a big write rooster—coaxing, driving, feeding.

And glad indeed was Eric that chickens go early to roost.

It was a tired but happy little boy that mother folded in her arms that night.

"Eric," came Uncle Ben's voice from the door, "I have some tickets to the circus to-morrow, which I should like to use if I could find the right sort of a litle boy who would like to go and see all the animals."

"For me, mamma? Does he mean me?" and Eric sat up in bed with sparkling eyes.

"Yes, dear, I am sure he means you, but go to sleep now."

The clock struck eight, as mother bent over the flushed little face to give another good-night kiss to the brave little boy who had tried. He stirred in his sleep and said, "The little chicks loved their mother."—Kindergarten Review.

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Two daughters of Presidents—one of the United States of America, the other of the Confederate States of America—have been brought to the notice of our country. One, Mrs. Betty Bainbridge, is reported dying in Virginia; she is the daughter of President Taylor and was mistress of the White House. The other is the daughter of Jefferson Davis, whose death has alredy been reported.

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And glad indeed was Eric that chickens go early to roost.

It was a tired but happy little boy that mother folded in her arms that night.

"Eric," came Uncle Ben's voice from the door, "I have some tickets to the circus to-morrow, which I should like to use if I could find the right sort of a litle boy who would like to go and see all the animals."

"For me, mamma? Does he mean me?" and Eric sat up in bed with sparkling eyes.

"Yes, dear, I am sure he means you, but go to sleep now."

The clock struck eight, as mother bent over the flushed little face to give another good-night kiss to the brave little boy who had tried. He stirred in his sleep and said, "The little chicks loved their mother."—Kindergarten Review.

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Two daughters of Presidents—one of the United States of America, the other of the Confederate States of America—have been brought to the notice of our country. One, Mrs. Betty Bainbridge, is reported dying in Virginia; she is the daughter of President Taylor and was mistress of the White House. The other is the daughter of Jefferson Davis, whose death has alredy been reported.

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